VOLUME XXII. NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1893. NUMBER 549.

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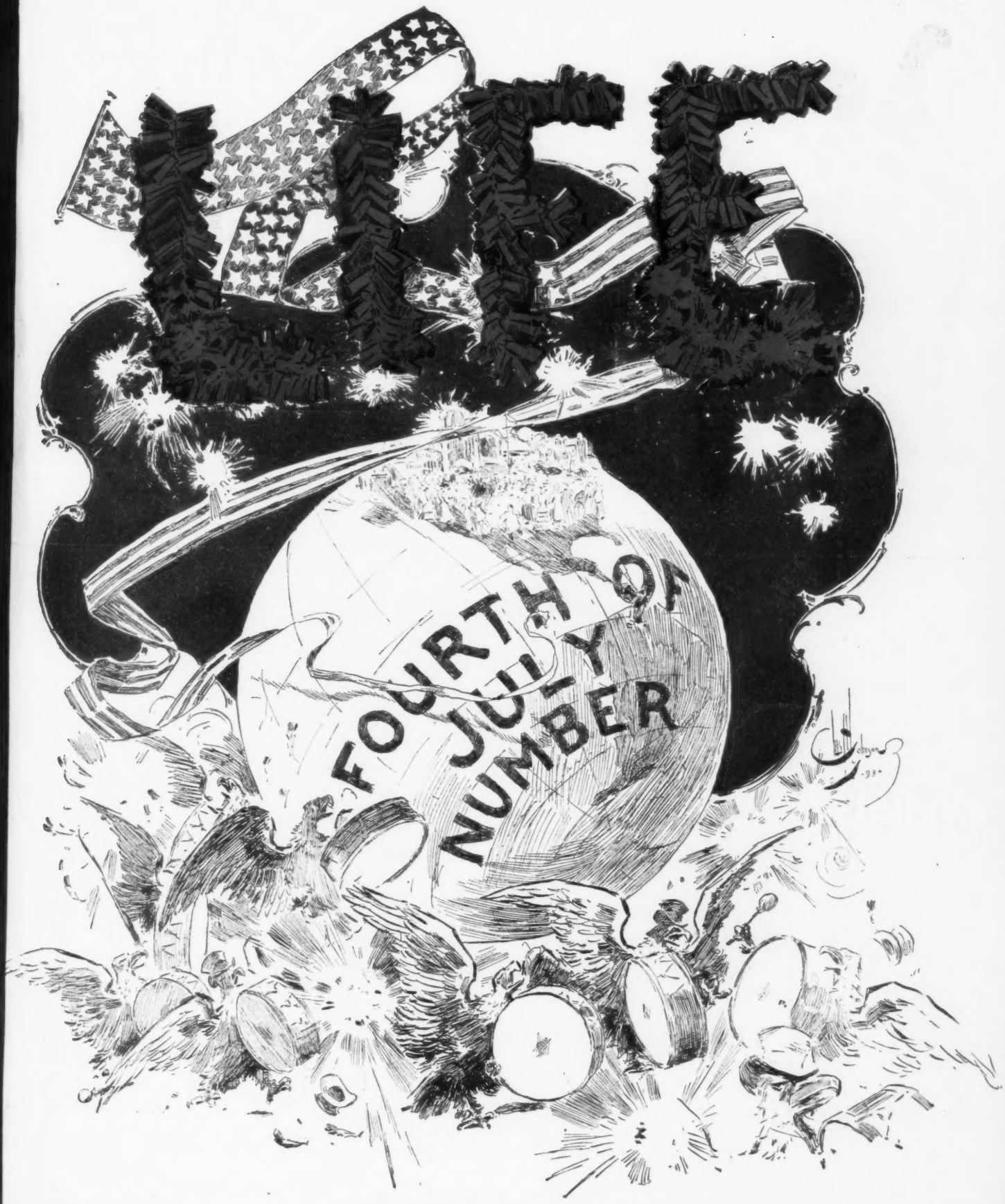

AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA TROPHY.
PRESENTED BY MR. ISAAC TOWNSEND.
WON BY MR. ORVILLE ODDIE.

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TO

BROADWAY & 18th ST.

TWO BLOCKS ABOVE

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Solid Silver

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WHITING M'F'G CO

Silversmiths,

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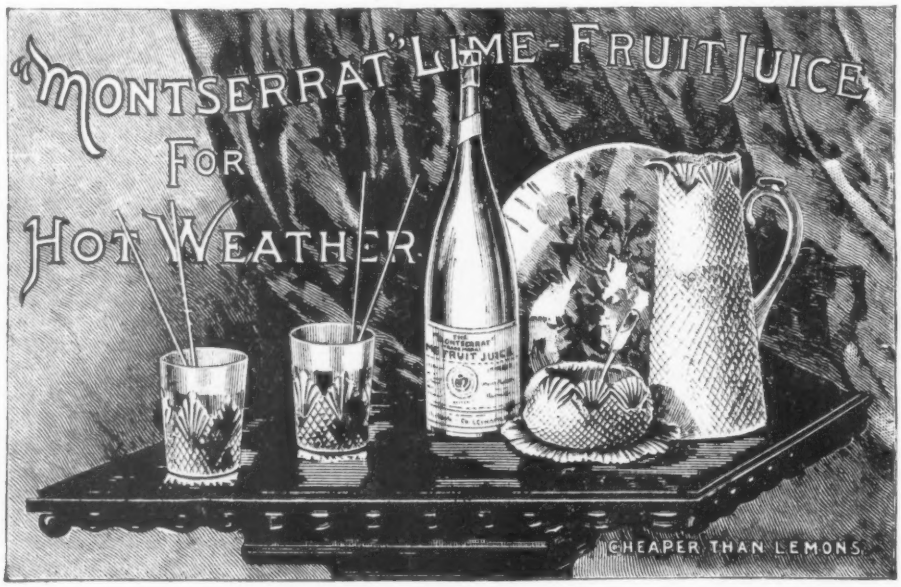

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A Pure Lime-Fruit Juice—Not a Chemical Compound.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.

CHEAPER THAN LEMONS. MORE CONVENIENT. ALWAYS REA

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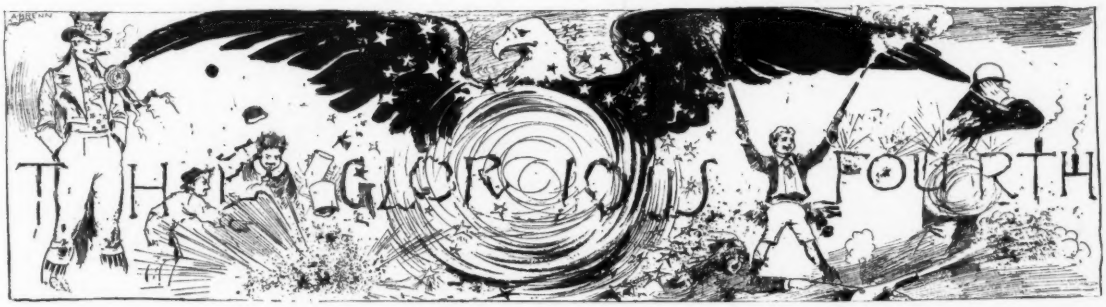
VOLUME XXII. ·LIFE· NUMBER 549.



HERE we are, fellow-citizens, a year older, and it looks very much as though we are, as a people, a full year wiser. In the past year we have learned a lot about letting fools tinker at our currency, we have learned a few more lessons about the danger of indiscriminate immigration; we have begun to have a full realization of how we are robbed by our pension system and we have had the regular quadrennial lesson in the folly of exposing the conduct of our public business to the raids of the office seekers. If we have studied and digested our lessons well, it has indeed been a profitable year, and our birthday can be well spent in making good resolutions for the future.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Anxious Mrs. Duffy: BUT, DINNIS, MY MAN, YEZ HAS NIVER BIN ON A HOR-R-RSES BACK IN YOUR LOIFE. ARE YEZ SURE THE ANIMAL'S SAFE, AN' WON'T RUN AWAY WID YEZ?

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXII. JULY 6, 1893. No. 549.

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FOR a week past, if not a fortnight, the earth and its fulness has belonged to the collegian, who has exclusive rights to it every year about this season and gets through with it just in time for the Fourth of July. The collegian uses it pretty hard sometimes, but the earth is old and tough and comes up smiling for the Fourth. Having sustained the wear and tear of undergraduate exuberance at about a thousand commencements and class-days, and afforded room for the settlement of intercollegiate disputes on field and river, it has leisure again to roll on its course and wish that some kind hand would put a poultice on that eruptive spot upon its face which men call Chicago.

* * *

THE American Eagle has been screaming at short intervals ever since last October, and must be pardoned if she is too hoarse to make an extraordinary demonstration on the Fourth. All the things the Independence Day orators could be expected to say have been on record these many months, and our perceptions of them have been constantly refreshed. We do not need to be told this year that we are the biggest toad in the puddle. Our friendly visitors from beyond the seas have assured us of that at short intervals for months past, and when by any chance they haven't, we have promptly assured them that it is so. Have we not the most glorious of all fairs! has not our Mr. Architect Hunt won the gold medal that the greatest architects most long for! are not our war ships faster and spunkier than any other war ships! has any nation got as many silver dollars as we have! have not our foreign ministers blossomed out as yard-wide ambassadors! have we not hobnobbed with dukes and infantas galore, and have they not been confessedly thankful that they were as good as we!

* * *

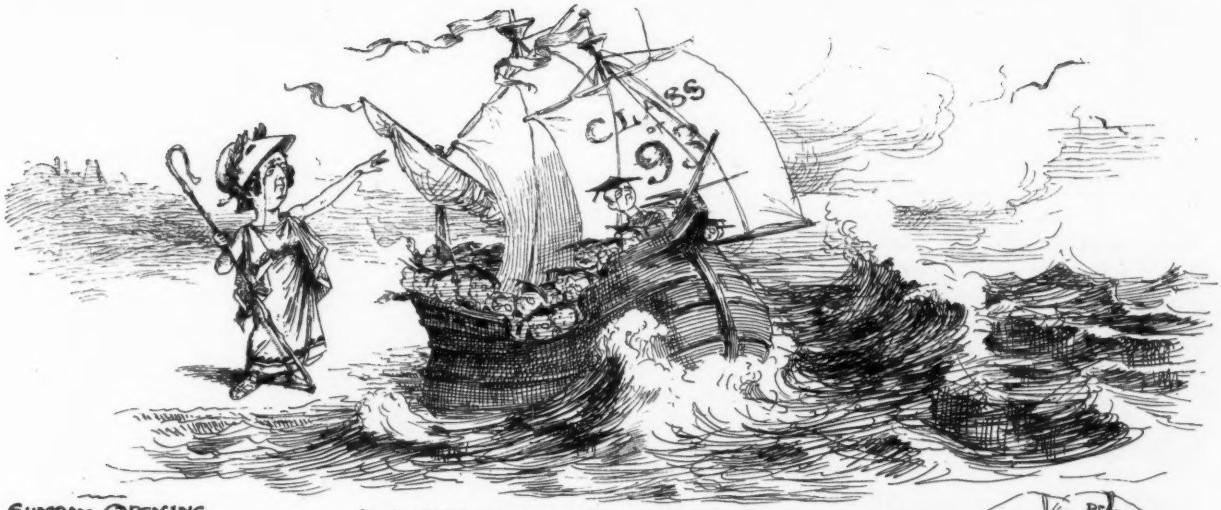
WE really do not need to work the venerable Fourth very hard this year. Our cup is full as it is, and it will be a credit to us if we can carry off what is already in it. We need to mortify our flesh a little if anything, and meditate on subjects rather fit to shrink our pride than swell it. Let us forget for a moment the diameter of the Ferris wheel and Mr. Hunt's medal, and dwell upon the Brooklyn police and the enlightened hospitality extended by Justice Tighe to our guests the Vikings! Let us also reflect how intolerably scarce money is, and how hard it has become to get funds without giving up something of real value. Let us brood a little over the Geary law, and the condemnation of Briggs, and the Fall River police, and the lamentable tendency of our college athletes to squabble over their sports and try to overreach one another. If we attain to even a limited measure of self abasement it will be very much to our credit, and more than, under existing circumstances, any one who sees us has a right to expect.

* * *

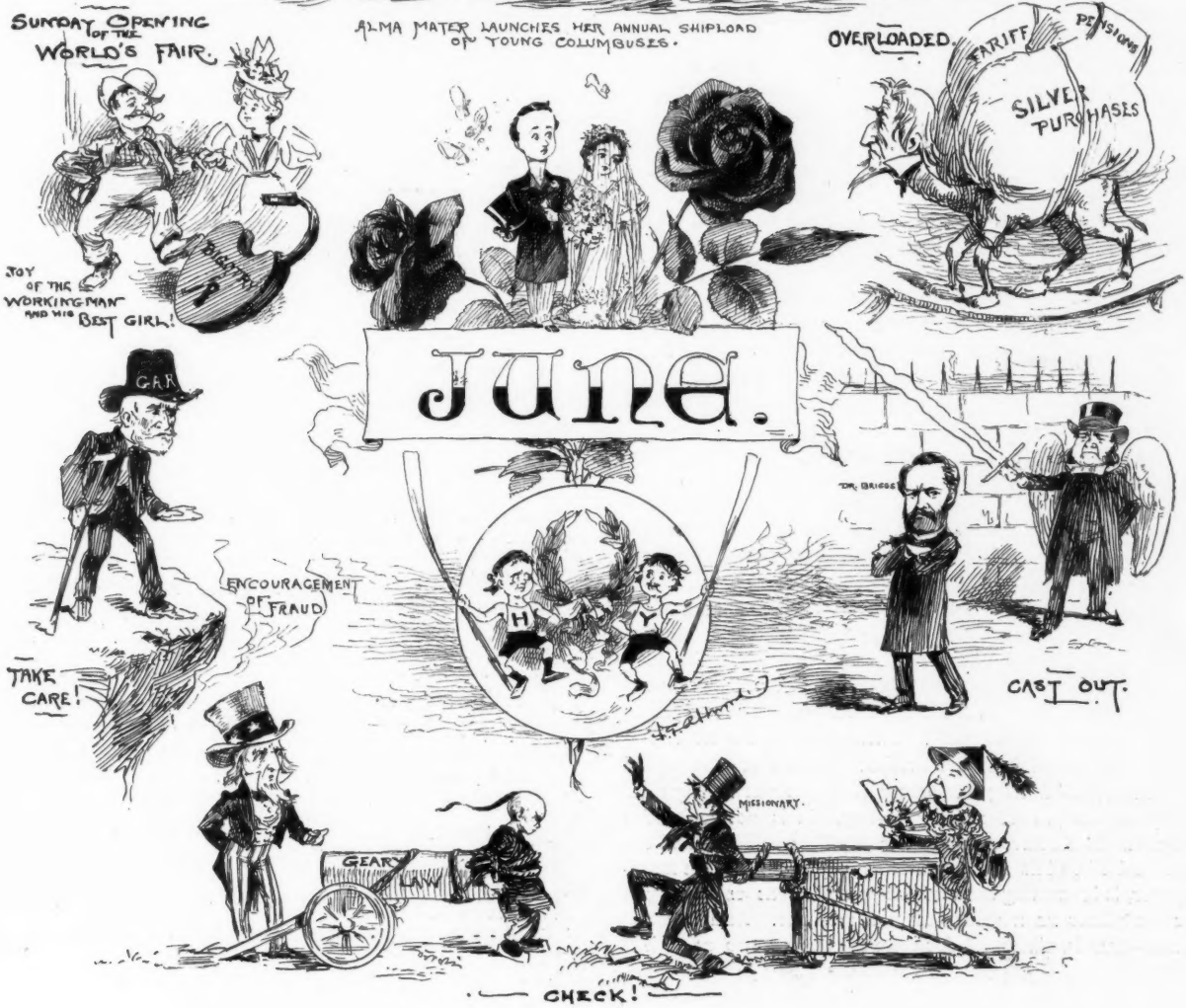
FEW American millionaires have had a better notion of the business of being a rich man than the late Senator Stanford. He made money out of the development of the country and spent it in the improvement of the stock. If the great university he founded has a tithe of the success in turning out great men that the Palo Alto stock farm has already had in turning out great horses, his name and aspirations will be honorably remembered for many generations to come. However much money a man may have, to accomplish something with it that will last is a great achievement, and it is one that Mr. Stanford seems to have performed.

* * *

ONE of the latest exhibits at the Fair is the work of a drilling company which has undertaken to bore a hole three thousand feet deep in the crust under Jackson Park. It is a reckless experiment. Learned men believe that far down under Chicago is a stratum of pure wind. If the boring company gets down far enough a result may be anticipated such as ensues when a pin-hole is made in a baloon. It would seem wiser not to be too inquisitive about the underpinning of Cook County, Illinois.



ALMA MATER LAUNCHES HER ANNUAL SHIPLOAD OF YOUNG COLUMBUSES.



BOOKSHELF

A BOOK OF TRUE STORIES.

EVEN the most confirmed novel reader is subject to spells when he feels as Josh Billings did, that he would rather read less than read so much that isn't so. Such seasons of better impulse are sent to him for his good, but too often he fails to improve them, and from devoting half of his reading to paper-covered novels and half to newspapers, he merely amends his habits so far as to abstain for a while from paper novels and read newspapers only. Now, of course, there is much profitable reading to be found in newspapers—that is, in *some* newspapers—and yet a course of newspaper reading is not just the remedy that one would prescribe for a patient who had had an over-dose of fiction and needed a tonic diet of easy literature that "was so."

A book that would fit the case of such a person to a hair's breadth is Mr. L. E. Chittenden's *Personal Reminiscences* (Richmond, Crosscup & Co.). Mr. Chittenden is agreeably identified in the memories of some millions of his countrymen as one of the two gentlemen who wrote their names upon all the greenbacks that we used in war times and for one or two decades afterwards. He has been alive a good while, and very much alive most of the time. The ordinary successful American of to-day has a dearth of variety to his show. He lives in a large city, and works hard at his trade all the year round, except for the six weeks in summer that he spends in Europe. Nothing much happens to him except after-dinner speeches and fluctuations of the money market. It was different with Mr. Chittenden. He was born before the time when it had become hopelessly unfashionable to live in the State of Vermont, and before every extra-intelligent man struck out for the nearest big city as soon as he had learned to swim. Avoiding big cities, he was saved from being cramped too early into the narrow routine of the specialist. Sticking to Vermont, he taught school, studied law and practiced it, studied politics and practiced that, studied banking and practiced that, hunted, fished, collected birds and books, and did all these things, not as the change-artist on the stage, who shifts out of one costume into another, but deliberately, as a man should who grasps opportunities as they offer and makes the most of them. By the time the war broke out and Mr. Chittenden had been moored to a desk in the Treasury, he had already had a large experience of life and men, and had demonstrated his ability to deal with both. Thereafter he lived at Washington in the thick of the liveliest doings that that capital ever saw, and among men whose time was put in day after day at the job of making history. It is not surprising that he should have good stories to tell, and all true and out of real life. His new book is as easy to read as the newspaper, is interesting almost always, and is as engrossing in some places as a yellow-covered romance. And it is all true—that is, almost all, for there are one or two narratives that seem to need affidavits, particularly the glowing description of Abraham Lincoln's mother, which varies so much from the descriptions of some other historians as to make you wonder whether it didn't come out of somebody's imagination.

E. S. M.

LIFE HAS BEEN TO THE FAIR AND SEEN CHICAGO, AND HE IS NOW IN A POSITION TO ASSERT THAT DRAWINGS LIKE THE ABOVE ARE GROSS LIBELS.

THE CHICAGO GIRL'S FOOT IS ALL RIGHT. AS A JOKE IT HAS ALWAYS GONE INTO OUR WASTE PAPER BASKET, AND SHALL CONTINUE TO DO SO.

NEW BOOKS.

THE TWO COUNTESSES. By Marie Ebner Von Esehenbach. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

Juny. By T. C. De Leon. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

Singularly Deluded. By the author of "Ideala," etc. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

An Adventure in Photography. By Octave Thanet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Lives of Madam Velasquez, Hannah Snell, Mary Anne Talbot and Mrs. Christian Davies. Edited by Ménie Muriel Dowie. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: Macmillan and Company.

Sweetheart Gwen. By William Tirebuck. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

Vagrant Fancies. By Frances Grant Teetzel. Milwaukee: The author.

The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib. By Sara Jeannette Duncan New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Algerian Slave. By Guiseppe Caroli. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

Suspected. By Louisa Stratenus. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Many Inventions. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

In the Shade of Ygdrasil. By Frederick Peterson, M. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lyrics, Idyls and Fragments. By Joseph H. Armstrong. New York: The Publishers' Printing Company.

Harvard Stories. By Waldron Kintzing Post. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Conflict of Evidence. By Rodrigues Ottolengui. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"By the way, Bishop, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren,' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear Madam, the one embraces the other."

"Oh, but, Bishop, not in church!"

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

IS it possible, dear reader, that you think because of occasional cool days, there is no heat to come? It is coming, and plenty of it, and we want your money.

What are you and your money here for? This question is echoed by several thousands of poorly-fed and half-sick youngsters who are counting on you for a fortnight at LIFE's Farm.

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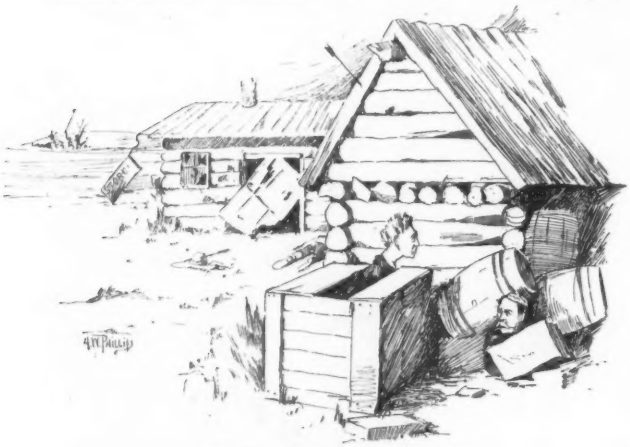


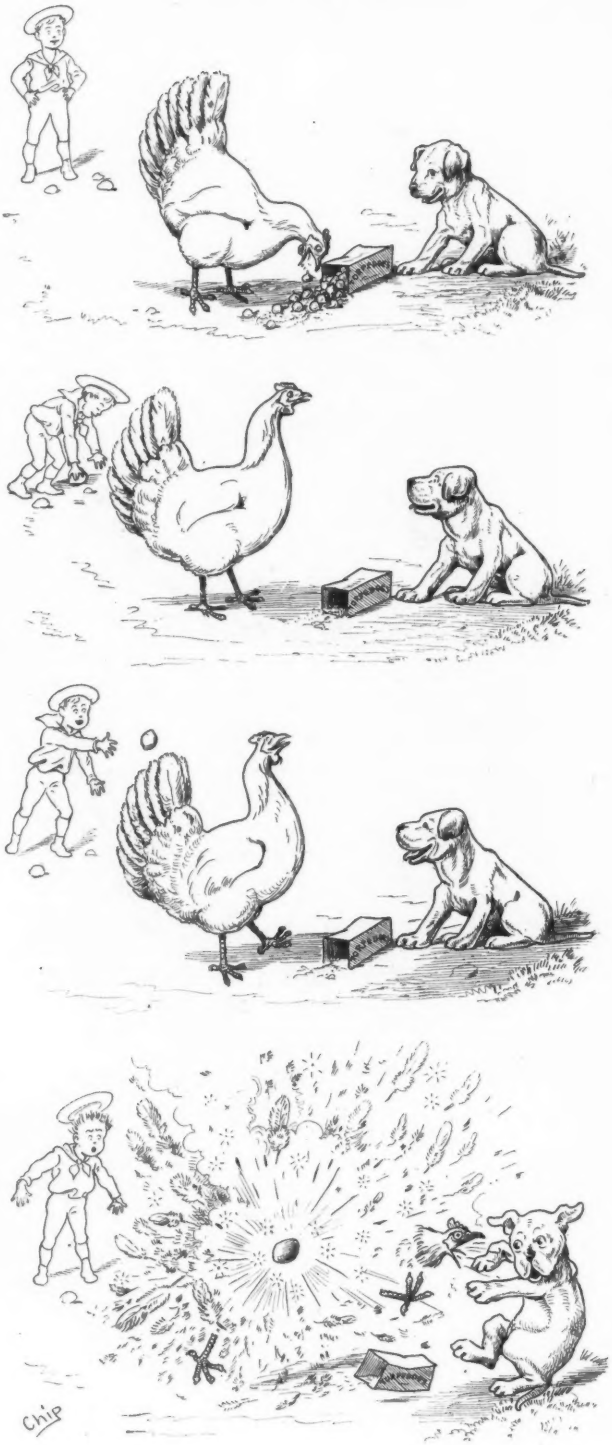
AFTER THE INDIAN RAID.

First Drummer: IT'S AWFUL, AIN'T IT?

Second Drummer: AWFUL? WHY, MAN, IT'S THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME. I'M GOING TO START ON THIS LINE TO-MORROW WITH A LOAD OF HAIR RESTORER, AND MAKE MY EVERLASTING FORTUNE.

"PULL ON YER HAVANNA, SWIPESY, AN' TOUCH DE TRIANGLES WID IT. IF YER MISS DEM GO FOR DE ROCKETS. LET'S HAVE A EXHIBITICN OF OUR OWN!"

A TALE OF CONCUSSION.



MULIERES.

RUFFLES and puffs and frills,
Flounces and furbelows;
Frocks in a flurry of lace,
That's where the money goes!
Berthas and *gigot* sleeves
Hoops and the Empire waist—
These are the things they wear,
This is their simple taste.

Blue eyes and brown and black
Curls and a dimpled chin,
Blushes to shame the rose,
That's where the rouge comes in!
Glances and smiles and sighs,
Hints of a breaking heart—
These are the tricks they try,
This is their naughty art.

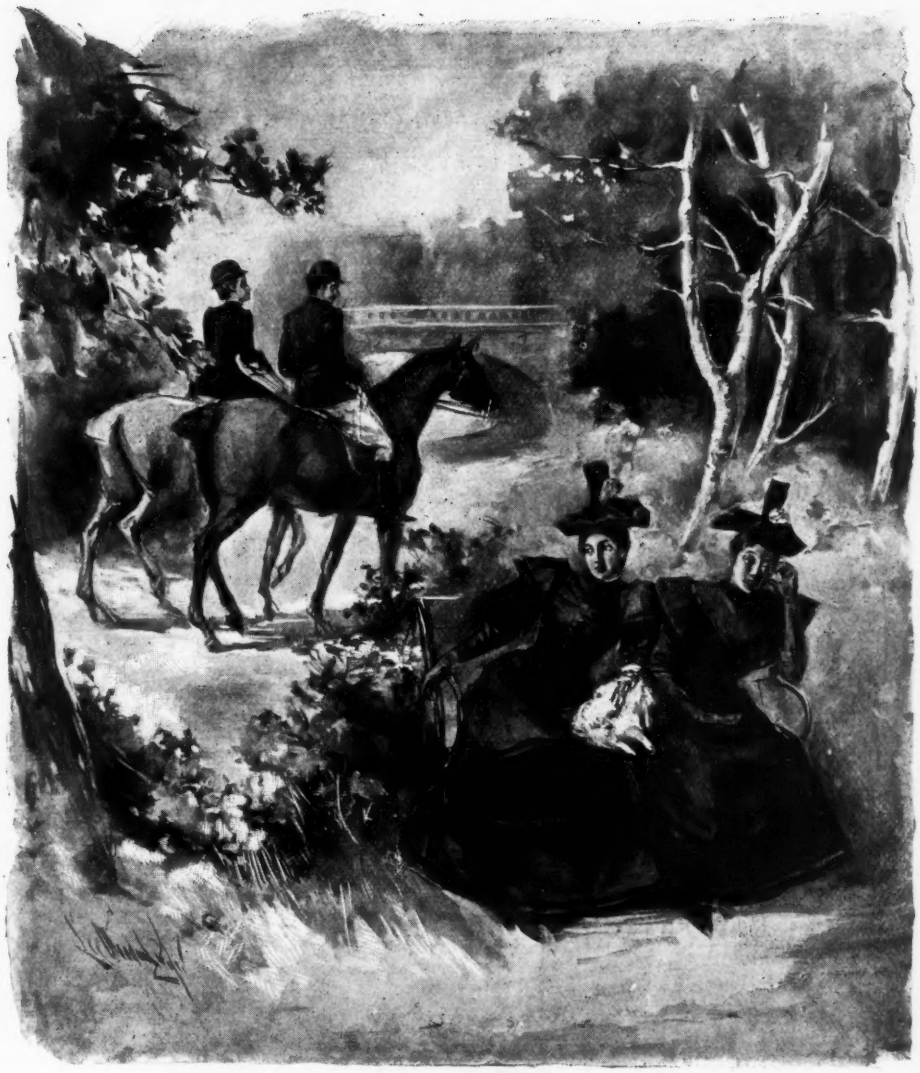
Summer and bloom and song.
Mischief is everywhere.
Go, little rhyme, abroad,
Bid the poor lads beware!
Curls and a dimpled chin,
Ruffles and puffs and frills,
Only to catch a man,
Someone to pay the bills!

M. E. W.

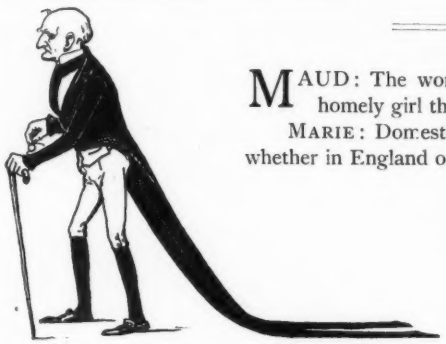
OUR COMPLIMENTS, CHICAGO.

CHICAGO is a big city. And she does things on a big scale, in a big way. As for the Fair, it is not only bigger than any previous effort of a like nature, but it is far more artistic.

One looks back upon it as upon a dream of another world: a magic creation on an unheard-of scale. No words can convey a just impression of the effect produced by this triumph of art and architecture. LIFE takes off his hat to the American city having the public spirit, the energy and the consummate taste to summon such glories into existence.



"THOSE SPINSTER GIRLS REMIND ME OF EGGS."
"EGGS?"
"THEY NEVER LOOK THEIR AGE."



"TAILS OF A GRANDFATHER."

SAME THING IN THE END.

MAUD: The word "homely" is not used in the same way in England as it is in America. A homely girl there means one who is fond of domestic surroundings.

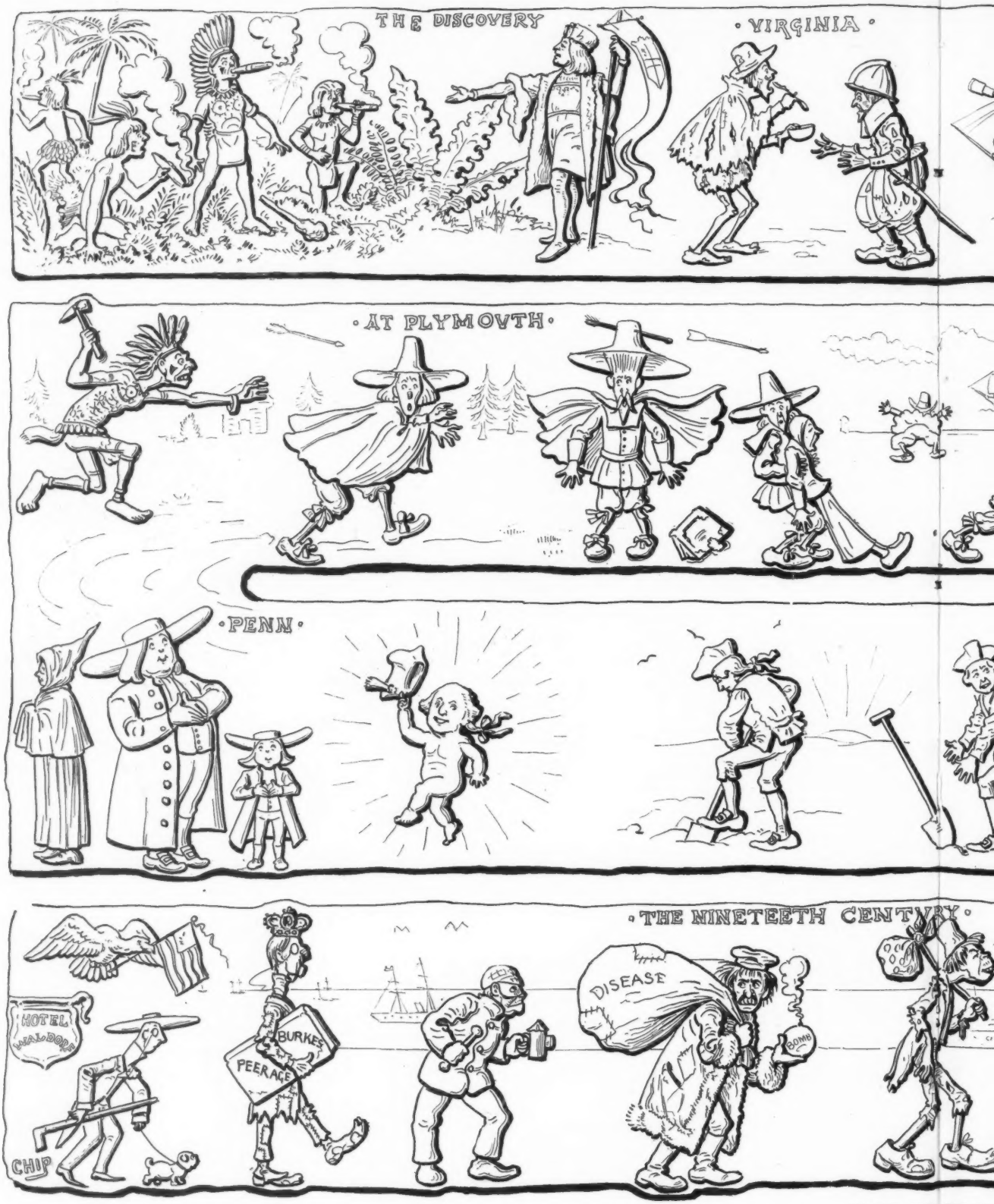
MARIE: Domestic surroundings are the only things a homely girl has a chance of being fond of, whether in England or America.

HIS HONOR: Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?

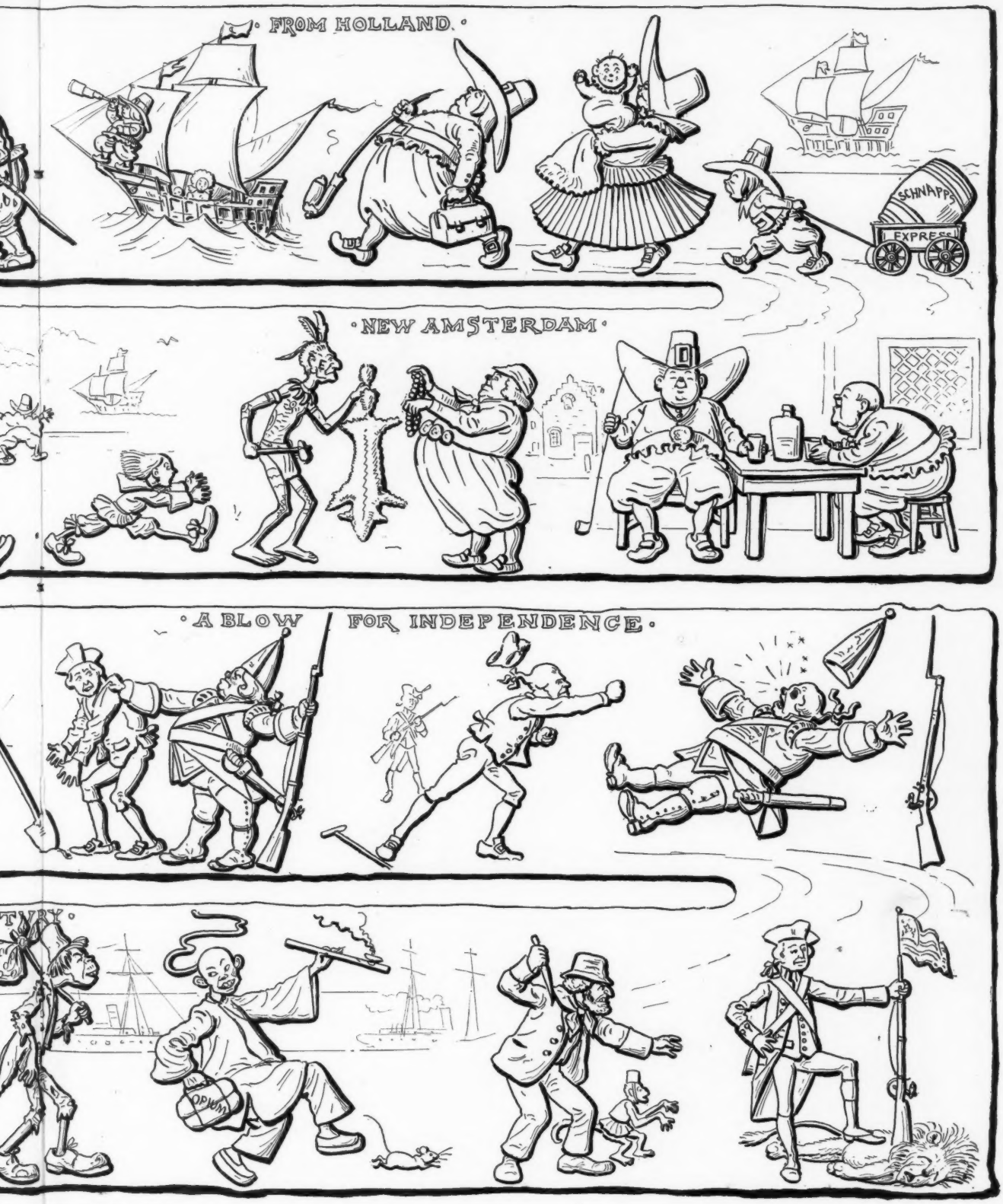
THE CONVICTED: Yes, your Honor, I have one simple request to make: In sentencing me, please don't say that I was convicted by a jury of my peers.

BROUNE: What makes Charlie Softe look so gloomy?

SMYTHE: They say he's been blackballed by Sorosis.



WHAT WE CELEB



T WE CELEBRATE.

"WEREN'T YOU SURPRISED WHEN HE PROPOSED?"
"NO. WHY SHOULD I BE?"
"EVERYBODY ELSE WAS."

RATHER ONE SIDED.

"WHEN you leave Brooklyn for the summer you should go to some quiet little place, where you can have a good long rest;" said George Holdington to his fiancée.

"Oh, I don't want to rest; I want to have some fun;" pouted Esther.

"Haven't you had fun enough this winter? I'm sure you must be nearly worn out. Haven't we belonged to the Classon Avenue German, and the Hanson Place Bowling Club? And we've gone to the theatre once a week, and then we've had our choir rehearsal, and every Wednesday night you had your sewing class at the Young Women's Christian Association, besides all the Progressive Euchre parties and Authors' reading and lectures we've been to. I should think that was enough for any girl."

"Pooh!" observed Esther. "Those things were well enough while they lasted, but I'm going in for a really good time now. I want to go to some awfully swell place, like Bar Harbor or Asbury Park."

"I'm afraid you are a little inclined to be giddy;" said

Tramp: LITTLE GIRL, IS THERE ANY COTTAGE AROUND HERE WHERE I CAN GET A PLATEFUL OF ANYTHING BESIDE CHICKEN AND ASPARROWGRASS? FOR THE LAST WEEK I'VE HAD NOTHIN' BUT ASPARROWGRASS AN' CHICKEN; CHICKEN AN' ASPARROWGRASS. IF YOU COULD ONLY TELL ME WHERE I COULD STRIKE A PLATE OF GOOD, OLD FASHIONED BEEF, OR EVEN A SIMPLE SALAD, I'D BLESS YOU!

George gravely. "I hope you don't intend to indulge in any of the silly watering-place flirtations that so tend to lower a woman in the eyes of her friends?"

"Now, whatever you do, don't get jealous!" cried Esther, decidedly. "You know I hate a jealous man, George. Of course I expect to meet other men this summer, but I hope I know how to treat them properly."

"I have no objection to your meeting other men if you think you can be true to me;" said George.

"Don't be a goose! I never meet a man, and get to know him real well, but what it seems to me that he is *you*. That is, if he is very nice."

"You think he is *I*?" asked George, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes, especially if he has bright blue eyes, and a cute little brown moustache, and curly hair, and talks very interestingly; then it almost seems as if you were with me, you know."

"Y-e-s," assented George.

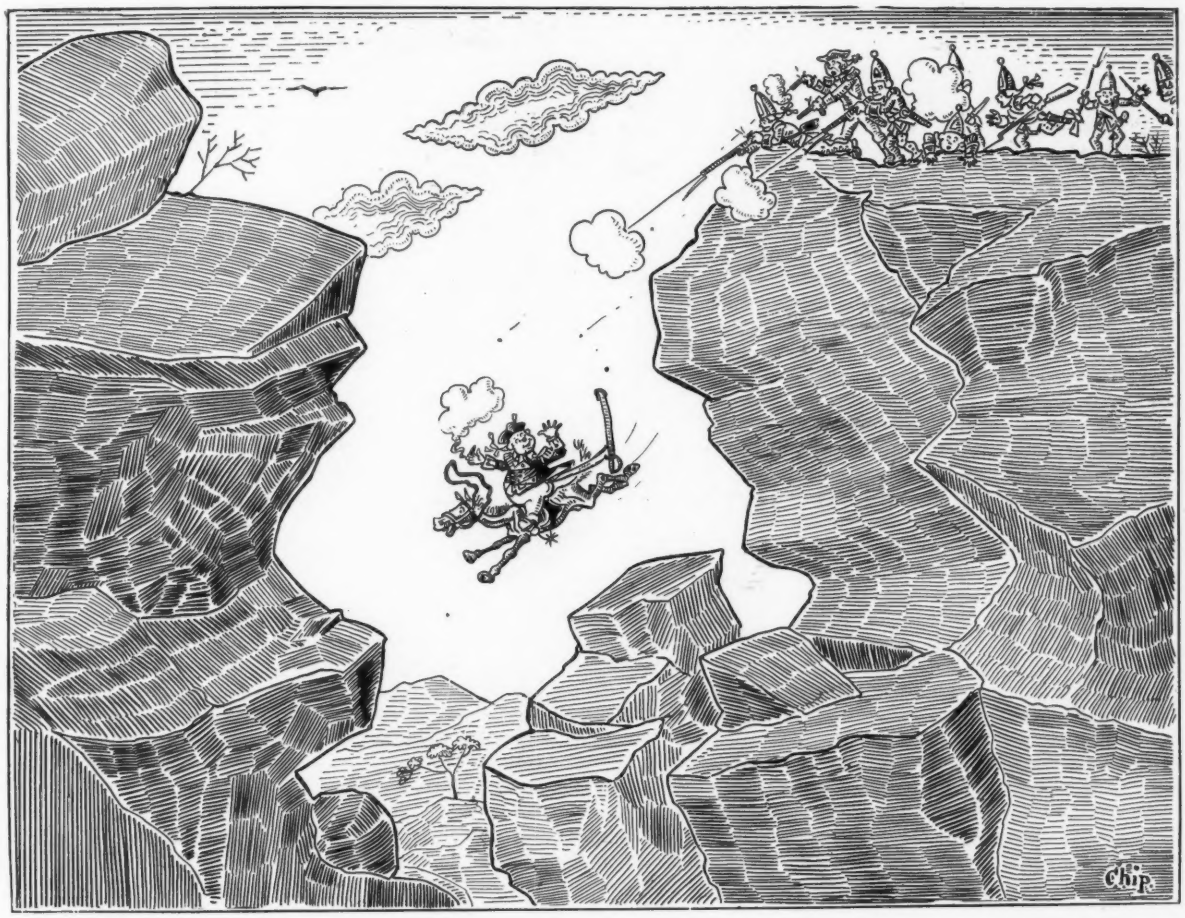
"And, if I should meet some fellow like that, and I should go riding and driving with him, and rowing, it would be all right, wouldn't it, so long as I felt as if he were you all the time?"

"Perhaps so," replied George.

"And if I should get to know him better and he should want to hold my hand, or put his arm around my waist, or—or even kiss me, just once or twice you know; it would be all right, wouldn't it, for *then* I am sure I should think he was you; especially if it was on the piazza after dark."

"It might be all right for you, Esther;" said George with a conscientious struggle for exact truth. "It might be all right for you, but I don't see that it would do me much good!"

Harry Romaine.



GENERAL PUTNAM'S RIDE.

FROM A VERY OLD PRINT.

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

IT was a man of evident taste and talents who engaged in conversation with a Pennsylvania avenue merchant. Music had left its imprint all over his countenance. While his voice was gentle his eye sparkled with expression.

"I haf a g-r-r-eat scheme," he said, "and all dot I need is to take up a subscription of six oder sefen thousand dollars."

"Indeed."

"Dots a fact. I am out getting der money now. I have two dollars and a half alretty."

"What is the scheme?"

"Id gosts only twelf hunert dollars to fire der big Krupp gun by Chicago."

"Yes."

"Vot I am doing is to get up a pand vot vill haf a monopoly on blaying Wagner mid a Krupp gun aggompaniment."—*Washington Star.*

A CERTAIN Irishman having been challenged to fight a duel, accepted the conditions after much persuasion on the part of his friends, who felt confident of his success. His antagonist, a lame man, walked on crutches.

When the place for the shooting had been reached, the lame man's seconds asked that he be allowed to lean against a milestone which happened to be there. The privilege was allowed, and the lame man took his stand.

The Irishman and his seconds drew off to the distance agreed upon—100 feet. Here Pat's courage suddenly failed him, and he shouted to the lame man:

"I've a small favor to ask of ye, sor!"

"What is it?" asked the cripple.

Pat answered: "I told ye thot ye might lean agin the milepost, and now I would like the privilege of leaning agin the next one."

The laughter which followed spoiled everybody's desire for a fight, and the whole party went home without a shot having been fired.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE huckster was yelling "Strawberries," and the lady of the house hailed him.

"Will you let me have three quarts for fifty cents," she asked.

"Yes, lady," he said, handing her out three boxes.

"There aren't three quarts in them," she said doubtfully, as she gave him the half-dollar.

"And there ain't fifty cents in this half-dollar, either," he retorted, "but it passes for that just the same," and he drove on.—*Exchange.*

THE following story is told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lives near his residence at Hartford:

One day Mark answered the telephone, and, after hallowing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones, and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, doctor?" questioned Mark; "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."—*Argonaut.*

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MAKE THE MOST RELIABLE
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SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

ANNABEL: What is love, anyway?

ROSALIE (*who has had experience*): Love is the desire to keep some other girl from having a man you desire.—*Chicago Record.*

CHAWLEY: Doctah, do you think there is any dangah of stwong drink affecting my bwain.

DOCTOR GRUFF: Not in a thousand years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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CLARA: He said you were.—*New York Weekly.*

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FIRST YOUNG MAN: Eh? Then why do you carry that detective camera about with you all day, week in and week out?
SECOND YOUNG MAN: Because when the girls see me coming all the ugly ones run away, and all the pretty ones stay.—*Exchange.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Now, what little boy can repeat the shortest commandment? It has only four words.
PUPIL: I can, miss.
TEACHER: Well, what is it?
PUPIL: Keep off the grass.—*The Club.*

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THEY were walking about the Grand Court of Honor at the World's Fair, gazing at the colossal female figure of the Genius of the Republic, when the bride, with the peachblow cheeks, appealed to the happy husband:
"George, dear," whispered the shrinking creature, "why does she hold up her hands?"
George thought a moment. "She is not a native, darling," he replied, soulfully; "and Chicago compels all visitors to do that."—*New York Sun.*

"WHO are those girls playing four-handed pieces on the piano?"
"One of them is the daughter of the hostess."
"And her accomplice?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*"

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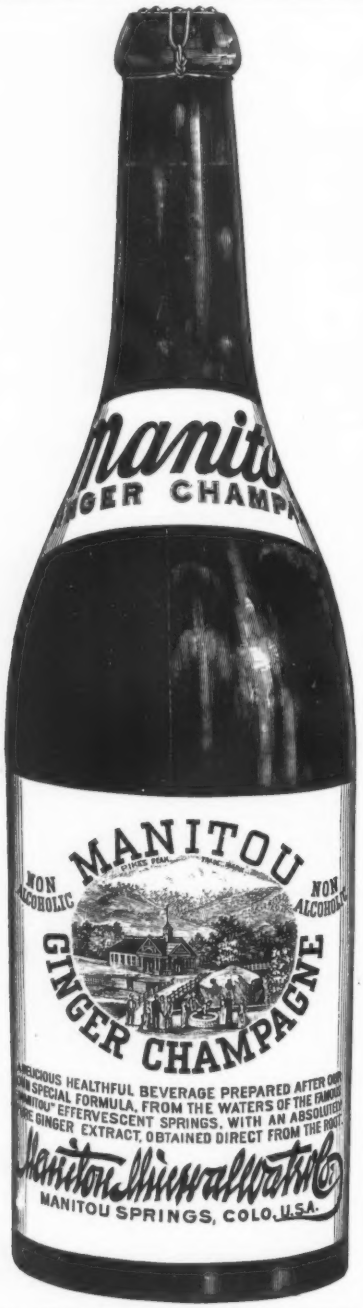
THE Spanish wit and philosopher Quevedo, who in his time gained a reputation for knowing everything, was asked if he knew of a means whereby a person could avoid growing old. "Most certainly," said he; "I know of certain rules which will surely prevent your growing old."

"What are they?"

"Keep in the sun in summer, and in the wet in winter; that is one rule. Never give yourself rest; that is another. Fret at everything that happens; that is another. And then, if you take care always to eat your meat cold, and drink plenty of cold water when you are hot, you may be perfectly sure that you will never grow old!"—*Exchange.*



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THE husband wasn't a temperance man exactly, and when he was less so, to state the case emphatically, he was disposed to be cranky in his ideas. His wife's mother was inclined to be harsh in her judgment, as that relative of a man or woman sometimes is. One day after he had been discussing a point and had gone out, the old lady made a few remarks.

"You shouldn't talk so," apologized his wife. "Harry is full of contradictions."

The wife's mother gave a sniff at the atmosphere.

"Yes," she said, significantly. "I presume whiskey and water could be considered contradictions."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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EVERYONE should know by this time that it is dangerous to ask a doctor's or a lawyer's advice even in the most casual and public manner unless one expects to pay him for it. There is a well authenticated story of a man in New York who chanced to remark to a celebrated physician once:

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"Certainly," said the doctor.

"What is it?"

"Stay on shore!" said the physician, and sent the man his bill.

Another gentleman who was a valetudinarian, met a doctor of his acquaintance on the street one day.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm glad I met you. Do you know, I'm so weak that the least bit of walking on these pavements tires me out. What do you think I'd better take?"

"A street car, I guess," said the doctor, crustily. And he, too, sent in a little memorandum of the amount due for this wise prescription.—*Exchange.*

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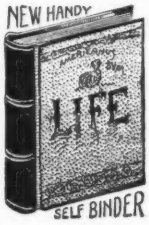

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